

Song of Wall Street.

I came to a room on the thirtieth floor
That was dingy and dark, with paint
from the door;
With small, battered desk and rickety
chairs
And a calendar showing the Bulls and
the Bears,
The man at the desk was well-eyed and
thin;
With trousers well worn and shoe heels
run in.
But he smiled to himself as a schemer
will smile
And fondled his letters (stereotyped) in
a pile.
The letters that told of the wonderful
gains
In "corners" of copper and cotton and
grains.
"One hundred on barley" and then the
advance—
(And you'd own your own yacht and a
chateau in France)
Cried I: "Who believes that stuff you
have here?"
And he said with a wink and he said
with a leer:
"Lambs! I'm shearing lambs!"

Cotton and corn! Cotton and corn!
Bring in the lambskins that they may
be shorn;
Corner the cotton and unload the leath-
er—
Fools and their money and Wall street
together.

I came to a suite on the very first floor
And a page in brass buttons threw open
the door,
While a suave voice chap with a four
carat pin
Came smiling and bowing and bid me
within.
Past tickers, typewriters, and a long dis-
tance 'phone
I followed the chap with the four carat
stone.
Till he opened a door with red letters
bold;
"The president's office" 't was furnished
in gold.
And the man at the desk—could I be
quite sure?
'T was the chap I had seen on the thir-
tieth floor.
But his rings were ablaze and his broad-
cloth was dear—
Cried I: "Pray tell me how did you get
here."
When your trousers were frayed and your
heels were run in?
And he smirked and he smiled and he
said with a grin:
"Lambs! I sheared lambs."

Cotton and corn! Cotton and corn!
Bring in the lambskins that they may
be shorn;
Corner the cotton and unload the leath-
er—
Fools and their money and Wall street
together.

—Puck.

The Pocket of Goat Island

By HENRY REED TAYLOR
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Hans Deutrel, specialist in botany,
had spent but a few weeks in Califor-
nia when he secured a permit to ex-
tend his studies in natural science to
Goat Island, that government reserva-
tion forming so prominent a landmark
in the harbor of San Francisco. The
enthusiastic professor had spent the
day delightfully, gathering specimens
and roaming over the rather lofty
ridge of the island, seeking out the
character of the growth, in short, to
be found on the "Goat's Back." That
evening in his hotel in San Francisco
but one regret troubled him.

"I haf loosed mein glass," he said
doefully, "and I haf not never find
suvch a glass already but in Vienna."

The mischance was rather a serious
one to the botanist, and it was to be
the cause of wild consternation within
a few hours to a large proportion of
the inhabitants of all the cities of
the bay district. Prof. Deutrel neg-
lected to return to the island prompt-
ly the next day to search for his valu-
able magnifying glass. Had he done
so it is possible that this strange
story of the island would never have
been revealed.

The day—it was in July—opened
clear and still. The ladies appeared
on the Market Street promenade in
light lawn and men of heavy weight
prepared to suffer through a really
hot spell of weather, though it is never
known in that section of California
for more than three days at a time.
The sun's rays seemed to penetrate
every fibre, and the "oldest inhabit-
ant" for once was content to feebly
remark, "This is what you call a
scorcher."

About noon something was happen-
ing on Goat Island. The old profes-
sor's glass lay supinely on the parch-
ed grass of the hill and grew hotter
and hotter, and when the sun reached
the zenith its scorching rays shot

through it glaringly like a huge dia-
mond.

Soon a small blaze sputtered and
flickered on the top of the island. The
master of a ferry steamer putting out
from the Oakland mole saw the little
fire and pointed it out to the mate
with an indifferent speculation as to
its origin. When the steamer reached
the slip on the San Francisco side
every passenger was craning his neck
to gaze at devouring flames, which
were spreading on the eminence.

Goat Island was afire, and the whole
town knew it in twenty minutes.
The men stationed there were too few
in number or too ill-provided with ap-
pliances to protect the government
property should the roaring sea of
flame sweep toward the buildings, but
the island was rather sparsely wood-
ed, and the danger was not at first
considered imminent.

Observers by thousands were soon
lost in astonishment and speculation
at the virulence of the fire at one
spot high up on the ridge. A black-
ened area showed where the vegeta-
tion had been consumed, but why
should the flames shoot skyward like
a great funeral pyre in one spot
alone? The query "stumped" the
officials of the Geodetic Coast Survey,
puzzled the city firemen, who received
no orders and could but watch the
surprising sight, and filled the timor-
ous with vague anxiety.

What could be burning on Goat
Island? Prof. Deutrel thought about
his lost glass with pensive regret, but
never once imagined that by gather-
ing and intensifying the heat rays it
had set a spark to that mighty fur-
nace, causing a sight sublime, but
well-nigh appalling.

"Hell has broken loose on Goat Is-
land," said the second engineer of the
San Francisco Fire Department to
Chief Scannell, "and what are you
going to do about it?"

"My place is right here," said the
chief gruffly, "and I guess the govern-
ment will have to look after hell. Let
them send for Dan Burns!" he added
with a grimace.

In this extremity, when the fire de-
partment was ridiculing the idea of
sending aid to the island, declaring
that it was not paid to put out volca-
nes, the veteran engine company of
the city, then comprising eight "ex-
empt" fire fighters, quietly resolved to
put the regular department to shame
or die in the attempt. They had their
steam fire engine, a little antiquated
but still effective, and led by Fore-



The task was a mighty one.

man Dennis O'Reilly, a powerful man
who had won an enviable reputation
for dash and courage, they hastily
secured two thousand feet of hose
and, chartering a little steamer, set
out with their apparatus for Goat
Island.

Having to ask permission of no one,
the departure of the veterans was
scarcely remarked, save for a ripple
of astonishment at the wharf during
their embarkation.

"Byes," said O'Reilly sententiously,
"you're tough wur-rk ahead, like the
old times ag'in, and if yez stand wid
me we'll be after makin' mud pies in

that anortin' cratur this day, or me
name is not Dinnis."

A cheer was the answer to this en-
livening speech, and with few words
the grizzled veterans prepared for a
struggle on the island's summit, if
they could get there. The landing was
made and then came the ascent.
Ropes and tackle were brought into
play, and the whole force of men on
Goat's Island turned to to assist in
pulling and shoving the fire com-
pany's "steamer" to the top of the
steep hill. The task was a mighty
one, but with encouraging words
from the resolute O'Reilly, the heavy
engine at length gained a point high
up near the summit.

Then with a run the hose was ad-
justed and slipped down over the
precipice into the bay. Fire was up
and the steam engine began its glad
chug-chug-chug as it got a vigorous
suction at work on the salt water far
below.

Flocks of sea gulls, excited by the
fire and smoke, screamed shrilly on
the heights to the music of the puff-
ing, throbbing engine; the firemen
ran out the hose with a will and a
stream was soon playing fiercely on
the fiery hillside. Fortunately there
was plenty of hose, and after half an
hour's hot work, scrambling and
stumbling over the rocks, the fire was
beaten back and the government build-
ings saved from threatened destruc-
tion. Foreman O'Reilly and his men
had never quit a fire until it was out,
and the order was to advance and
keep at it.

"Faith, an' if there's water lift in
the bay," asserted O'Reilly, "we'll be
drivin' the devil himself out av the
volcanny for fear av dthrowin'!"

Steadily the men kept at work until
they had approached almost to the
margin of what appeared a veritable
miniature volcano, perhaps twenty-
five feet in diameter at the top, and
furiously vomiting flames high in air.
The heat was intense, and a resinous,
tarry odor was perceptible amid the
dense smoke.

At first their endeavors seemed to
have no effect other than to send up a
volume of hissing vapor. But by de-
grees the perseverance of the ex-
empts showed its effect, and the joy
of Dennis O'Reilly manifested itself
vociferously. Along in the afternoon
the spouting furnace of the island,
which had alarmed a wide population,
had been subdued to spiteful spurts
and gurgling accompaniments which
denoted a near finish. Soon, indeed,
the brave O'Reilly and his staunch
supporters could claim with reason
that they had extinguished a crater,
or something very like it.

The men were peering curiously
down into the black hole, and could
see that it extended sixty or seventy
feet. Startling rents were visible in
the solid rock, torn open doubtless by
the great heat, the sides narrowing
as they descended.

The government employees had retir-
ed from the scene, and having sent
below for a stout rope, O'Reilly swore
he would go to the inside of the ugly
hole and ascertain "what devil of a
thing was in it, anyway."

Having been warned to use discre-
tion, his companions carefully lower-
ed him until he alighted in safety
upon a flat ledge within a few feet of
the bottom of the pit. The odor in
the place was powerful and savored
of kerosene. He broke off a chunk of
dark substance and called up that the
"volcano" had been filled with tar.
What the adventurer held in his hand
was, in point of fact, a half consumed
piece of natural asphalt, and highly
inflammable. This discovery heralded
another so astonishing that for the
moment the supposed tar was for-
gotten.

"By St. Patrick an' all the thun-
derin' devils of the volcanny, there's
sunthin' been bilin' in this here pot—
an' the stuff's yellar!" came up in ex-
cited, muffled tones from O'Reilly.

It was, for a fact, yellow, and the
"stuff" formed the kernel of what has
since been spoken of by old miners
with something like awe. The yellow
metal, turned to light in so unexpect-
ed a manner was gold, formed into a
mass of wealth which would have

made a dais for the Incas—a chunk a
foot or more in depth, according to
conservative statements, and six feet
or over in diameter.

No one knew of the immense find
but the veterans of the exempt fire
engine company. They had won it
by signal bravery and enterprise when
all others held aloof, and it goes with-
out saying that they appropriated the
regal nugget in chunks like coal with-
out a qualm of conscience. It seemed
to be, in miner's parlance, a "pocket,"
all in one lump, but enough in that



Carefully lowered him.

one piece to satisfy the wildest ambi-
tions of eight men.

There might be some legal question
as to rights of discovery on a govern-
ment reservation, and to avoid need-
less dispute the precious nugget was
quietly removed in sections, carried
away secretly in sacks and later mint-
ed into good gold coin.

The marvelous discovery was nat-
urally kept for a long time a secret,
and their intimates wondered when
some of the rough ex-firemen retired
to spend their remaining days in pala-
tial homes on Van Ness Avenue Ave-
nue and Nob Hill. The exact value of
the find seems to be still in doubt,
but all agree that it was fabulous in
extent. Certain it is that the exempt
company has established a trust fund
of two hundred thousand dollars for
the widows and orphans of firemen.

Masses of asphaltum, or bitumen,
ooze out of the earth in certain parts
of California, piling up like lava beds,
but savants say that it is impossible
that the hidden mass set afire on the
island's summit by the fortuitous
agency of the glass of old Prof. Deu-
trel could have come there by itself.
It is believed that it was stowed away
on the heights by the Indians a cen-
tury or more ago, for possible use as
a signal or great council fire. To the
aborigines gold has a superstitious
significance only.

Another hypothesis is that the sim-
ple aborigines were entirely ignorant
of the presence of the precious de-
posit, and the gold rested fallow for
ages in the seams of the rock. By a
strange chance it was to become mol-
ten, running out into a natural bowl,
there to be uncovered at last as that
marvel of the land of sunshine and
gold, the Great Pocket of Goat Island.

But It Was Too Late.

One of the finest creameries in
America is near Concord, N. H.

Nahum J. Bachelder, the governor
of the state, visited this creamery
recently and, as he looked at the great
quantities of thick yellow cream that
kept arriving from the fine, clean pas-
ture lands of the neighborhood, he
said to the superintendent:

"If cream like this was served in
the big cities we wouldn't have so
many milkman jokes."

"I heard the other day of a joke on
a New York milkman. A patron car-
ried out to him two jugs instead of
one. The milkman asked the meaning
of the two jugs, and the patron said:

"This one is for the milk and this
one for the water. I will mix them to
suit myself."